

# 1914

BY  
C. W.



HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS  
NEW YORK AND LONDON



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BY  
C. W. *Whittemore*



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## P R E F A C E

This poem is one of a series which the writer has produced annually on the birthday of his wife. They were meant entirely and exclusively to be seen only by the inner family circle. On the present occasion, however, the subject dealt with seems of wider interest. His offer of active service for his country being rejected, on account of his advanced years, and not being able to turn his thoughts away from the tragic events of the day, he has put, in a more or less poetic form, his own thoughts on the circumstances which led to this war and the consequences it may and ought to have. He therefore decided to publish the poem and, with the generous concurrence of his publisher, to devote the profits to the National Relief Fund.



TO F. W.—AUGUST 17, 1914

I

No joyous peals the N . . . church bells ring  
To mark the gladsome day when thou wert born,  
No song of praise that angel choirs might sing  
To greet the sun on this propitious morn.

The tocsin wild hath made the church tower rock,  
Calling the warriors with blood-thirsting arms  
In rush courageous round their flag to flock,  
To fight for hearths and homes, their towns  
and farms.

The whole world rings with shrieks of rage and hate;  
The nations that erst led the van of light  
And spread the gospel of Christ's love now sate  
Their greed of envy and their thirst of might.

Thought, justice, love, and all the guiding reins,  
That tamed the man-beast to the course of right,  
Are snapped and tattered, and his swollen veins  
With blood, blood-thirsting, blind all human  
sight.

He sees no right, no good, no grace nor truth;  
No love or pity even for human kind—  
The cruel beasts feel neither love nor ruth,  
Hunger and lust o'ersway their heart and mind.

'Tis but a moon in London town our girls,  
Passing the threshold of their childhood's  
days,  
Frolicked in ball-rooms mid the merry whirls,  
Or heard in rapture the melodious lays.

To-day there's slaughter of our manhood's best:  
In fratricidal strife the brave are slain,  
Fathers and sons by wives and mothers blest—  
All side by side in unknown graves are lain.

And why this slaughter of the best, oh why,  
Should man destroy those friends in passion  
wild,  
Who bore the flame of Hellas' <sup>1</sup> torches high  
And held Judæa's tablets undefiled?

Who hath this madness o'er the sane world sent,  
Thrusting high man below the lowest beast—  
Cruel and crafty, thought with passion blent,  
Turning creation's foremost to the least?

<sup>1</sup> The allusion here made is to the two main elements which make up modern occidental civilisation. These, according to Matthew Arnold, are Hellenism and Hebraism; the civilisation of the ancient Greeks and the moral standards of the Hebrew race as chiefly embodied in the teachings of Christ. The German poet Heine has also suggested this twofold division, when he says:

"The contrasts here discordantly are paired,  
The Greeks' delight, Judæa's thought of God."



How came this evil mania o'er the world?  
Who, from mephitic hell, threw forth the  
brand,  
Wantonly o'er the peaceful nations hurled,—  
The destinies of millions from one hand?

Tell me, oh thou inspiréd lyric thought,  
Thou thoughtful mover of the attunéd heart,  
Sibyl and Muse harmoniously wrought  
Into prophetic wisdom, truth impart!

## II

The Teuton Cæsar, with impetuous mind, unhinged  
By every new thought half matured, and quick to feel  
The sting of passion, love and hate, both generous and mean  
In spirit and in scope, though strong, could not subdue  
The foremost passion, least controlled by reason's check,  
Which saps the root of thought and rules, unseen  
E'en by the sentient conscious self of man—vague fear.  
Thus brave Napoleon—he that knew no fear of man—  
Was erst unstrung when *Enghien*<sup>1</sup> fell by murderous hand.  
When Austria's ruler—he that was to be, when once

<sup>1</sup> The Duc d'Enghien was carried from Germany to Vincennes, and was arraigned before a military commission and shot on Napoleon's order in 1804. The plots against his life in which Bourbon princes, notably the Duc d'Artois, were concerned had undoubtedly unhinged the fearless Napoleon to such a degree that he committed this crime.

The aged scion of the Hapsburg house, who  
ruled  
For threescore years of saddest life around his  
hearth,  
And in his land in twilight of benighted feudal  
sway,  
Had died and joined the shades of his ancestral  
peers—  
When he that was to be was foully slain beside  
his spouse  
By murd'rous hand of Slav to free Slavonic  
slaves,  
Then Teuton Cæsar feared in his courageous heart  
And knew not that he feared. He cried: "Who  
dares to slay  
The anointed head of State. No ship of State  
secure  
Without the god-sent helmsman—such as I," he  
said.  
Who knew but that the murd'rous hand was led  
and sped  
By those in Austria's land who feared the rule  
of him  
Who proved the Cæsar's kindred-hearted friend,  
at one  
In all his hopes of Teuton's rule supreme, o'er  
land  
And sea, in Europe and in all dependencies,  
Bringing from distant hemispheres in gold or  
goods  
Their harvest thus to swell the German rule of  
might!  
How long would hold the ties of kindred friends  
in arms?

And now, 'twas Russia stood to shield the homicide—  
Russia the Slav, the champion of Slavonic slaves.  
Russia the branded front of all autocracies,  
The marked and hated foe of all the hungering  
poor,  
That cried for bread and for the trampled rights  
of man!  
To fix the war-guilt on this foremost foe of all,  
In every land where free there ruled the labour-  
ing-man,  
Would daunt the revolting spirit of the friends  
of peace  
Within his realm, would win them to his side,  
allies,  
For once in all these years, with those who strove  
for war,  
Who lived by war, and held their privileged  
ease by war.  
A war with France or England, who were known  
by all  
The freedom-loving Germans as the foes supreme  
Of tyranny and all that robbed the working-  
man  
Of his fair share of liberty, would be opposed  
By half the German manhood in the Kaiser's  
realm.  
Nor would faint-hearted Austria lend her helping  
hand.

But all would join in arms against the Russian  
host,  
And fight in turn all those who stood beside the  
Tsar.

“Then strike, the hour has come, the iron is hot  
and soft!

Delay not or our foes will be too strong,” he  
cried.

“Strike quick and sharp and bold, I, William,  
lead your hosts!

In two more years the Russian arms will be too  
strong.

Strike e’er they reach the manhood of their  
growing strength;

Since measured are the sources of our wealth  
and force!”

He knew, or thought he knew, by school-boy  
counsellors led,

Who served him ill in missions through the for-  
eign lands,

That Frankish soldiers had nor food nor clothes  
nor arms

To meet the advancing foe, were swiftly he to  
strike;

That England’s kingdom riven was and torn in  
strife,—

Perfidious Albion, loving nought but gain, would  
break

Her plighted troth to allies true and free, would  
stand

With folded hands to see her Gallic friends o’er-  
thrown

And helpless Flanders hold the torch for blood’s  
debauch.

“Strike, ’tis the hour, the Teuton now will rule  
the world!”

And Hermes Kairos <sup>1</sup> with Oneiros <sup>2</sup> stood to  
urge  
The fear-distracted brain of the impetuous one,  
to seize  
The forelock of the fleeting day propitious.

“Strike now or ne’er, *All Deutschland, Deutsch-  
land über All!*” <sup>3</sup>

Thus he resolved to acts begotten of the day.  
Yet years of reasoned purpose, grounded on the  
soil  
Of thought far-sighted on the nation’s growth  
and fate—  
Its final fate within the strife of envious states,  
Of Europe’s nations for the conquest of the  
world—  
This reasoned soil prepared the growth of mush-  
room seed,  
Of his impetuous will, forced by the Servian  
crime.

<sup>1</sup> The ancient god of Luck, of Gamblers.

<sup>2</sup> The god of dreams.

<sup>3</sup> The *alldeutsche Partei* has as its ultimate aim and ideal the dominance of the Germanic race over the whole world. It corresponds to the extreme Pan-Slavist party which has the same aspirations as regards the Slavs. “*Deutschland über Alles*” (Germany over all) is a national German song and war-cry.

### III

The age from whose strong womb the modern  
man was born  
Had turned man's genius to convert the latent  
powers  
Of nature, hidden in the bowels of the earth  
And on its surface even to the heights of air,  
To sate his hunger and to slake his thirst, as well  
Of body and of mind and bring luxurious ease,  
To compass his desires for joy and wealth and  
power,  
But chief for all his needs which matter can  
produce.  
Inventions bold, far-reaching in result, that save  
Hard labour's sweat, and thus increasing million-  
fold  
The things he craves for use and ease and luxury.  
Fast grew his factories in towns and country-  
side,  
Nay, by inventive skill he made the ploughman's  
task  
So light, that one man ploughs where hundred  
ploughed before,  
And reaps the rich and easy harvest thousand-  
fold.

And more: by bridling heat and steam, electric  
force,  
He sends these varied goods by lightning flash  
of speed,  
Wherever need attracts the thing produced, and  
all  
Glutted his greed for wealth amassed and grow-  
ing power.  
Within each land to him who used this craft of  
power  
There came great wealth inordinate, while the  
toilers' mass  
Remained the serfs of old with scanty share of  
gold.  
But men collective—those in nations grouped  
and bound—  
Endured no change of form within this rapid  
change.  
The national unit, which we call the modern  
state,  
Was unaffected by this turn of time and men,  
Retained its form and garb and mould of ancient  
days,  
Called Race and Faith and Class and Ruling  
Powers Divine,  
And links fortuitous of space and land, and e'en  
The village tower spurious beacon light for man,  
For modern man who rules the universal powers  
Of earth and sea and air, which all proclaim aloud  
The brotherhood of man. Yet in each state so  
fixed,  
Expanding in its need and in its force and hopes,  
The modern men thus bred and nurtured in  
their strength



O'erflowed in numbers, growing year by year,  
until  
They jostled each within their native home, and  
found  
No scope for their compressed energies and  
strength.  
And thus the national life o'erflowed to foreign  
parts,  
The distant colonies where younger states re-  
tained  
Their filial oneness with the parent state and  
home.  
Thus France and England, even Europe's lesser  
lands,  
Possessed descendant states and thither sent  
their sons,  
Who all proclaimed their fealty to their mother  
home.  
But Germany, of all the states who proved most  
strong  
In growth of sons and of this moulding power of  
life,  
Had, by the chance of history's course, too late  
arrived  
For the partition of the distant world, to found  
The offspring states which shelter gave and new-  
found homes  
To its vast multitude of healthy starving sons.  
And if they left their homes, the foreign land  
absorbed  
Those sons, for ever lost to their own fatherland.  
No regions where their energies could thus ex-  
pand  
And peacefully secure continuous scope abroad

For growing Teuton energy and skill and thought.  
Yet, worst of all, their land that suffered fire and  
sword  
In centuries of sacrifice for freedom's boon,  
So that the Teuton flag should freely float on  
high,  
Was threatened from the East to lose its place  
and lead  
In Europe, central home of human cultured life;  
Until the Teuton would be crushed by Slavic  
hordes  
Who snatched from Teuton hands the fair per-  
ennial torch,  
The light Judæan and of Hellas,<sup>1</sup> both combined.  
This brutal massing strength of Russia's grow-  
ing hordes  
Must, were time given, surely overwhelm and  
crush  
His German neighbour in his senseless conquests  
sweep.

"Then strike at once before the Russian Jugger-  
naut  
Crushes beneath his onward rushing wheels your  
homes!  
Within your own land there are those who deem  
and feel  
That states no more should sever human brother-  
hood,  
That race and faith combine or they are nought  
and false.  
The brotherhood of man by justice and by  
thought,

<sup>1</sup> See footnote page 2.

By wealth accumulate and labour organised,  
Is one, nor will it brook in coming days not far  
That Slav or Teuton slay his brother man in war.  
The day is near when they will stay the hand  
of war

And, by the engines of their peaceful toil, will  
blunt

The fratricidal sword to slay the nation's foe.  
And antiquated war, which blind philosophers  
Uphold as part essential in the 'social beast,'  
Will vanish from the historic page of future man,  
Of man who lives this day, so soon the goal is  
reached.

If war be banished within mortal's span of days,  
And all the lands remain as now by fate or-  
dained—

The *status quo*, by state-craft jugglers it is called—<sup>1</sup>  
Germania's future claim, the stepchild 'mong  
the states,

To grow and prosper with her sons in distant lands,  
Will lose for ever her identity, her name,  
Will then be blotted from the page of history.  
So strike before the pacifists can sap the force  
From national heart and national veins and thews  
and arms,

Strike for the glory of your past and future fame,  
Strike while your thought and all your trained  
skill and force

Have made you stronger than your foes who  
block the way!"

<sup>1</sup> The *status quo* is used in diplomacy when, either in peaceful diplomatic discussions or in war, it is desired to insist upon the actual possessions in land and colonies or acknowledged interests held by each state before such discussions of wars.

Thus spake the thinkers whose deep thought had  
stopped and failed  
To see: that future states will need a future  
garb;  
Not race supposed or sect of narrow faith that  
errs;  
That, loving those who nestle to our hearts and  
live  
Within our native land and share our father's  
past,  
We need not hate our brother man who lives  
afar;  
That human brotherhood, which Christ pro-  
claimed of old,  
Is strongest of all ties—the purpose ultimate.

## EPILOGUE

Now, thou fair Sibyl and thou fairer Muse,  
Lend me thy wisdom and thy grace of form,  
To penetrate the maze of tangled facts,  
And win the vision of the future days,  
In truth poetic—as the unknown past,  
The inspired seer of the Ring and the Book <sup>1</sup>  
Proclaimed in truth, and thus dispelled all lies,  
Which clung like weeds around the tragic fate  
Of two pure lovers centuries ago  
In Tuscan gardens, Umbria and Rome.  
Inspire me to see and to record,  
In words untrammelled by the selfish good  
Of mine own hearth and mine own nation's  
cause;  
But for the united cause of human kind—

<sup>1</sup> In his great poem "The Ring and the Book," Robert Browning formulates his theory of poetic truth, truth strengthened and made whole through poetic imagination which fuses into life all the disjointed facts of ordinary apprehension. The story of two lovers which led to murders and to the trial of a young priest in Italy in the 18th century was presented to him in a book, partly in print, partly in manuscript, containing lengthy and confused accounts of the law-suit, which leaves the reader quite confused and unable to discover the real truth. The imagination of the poet restores the actual past back to life by giving consistent form to these isolated facts.

Those living now, and, still more potent yet,  
Of future man approaching the idea  
Of perfect man, a fitting part attuned  
To universal Good and True and Fair,  
To harmony of Beauty, Truth and Good,  
Which makes the world of worlds beyond this  
globe,  
Infinitude of Goodness—which is God.  
Teach me to see what causes will result,  
To the one Cause of universal Good,  
Should victory be won by Teuton arms,  
Or should the allied strength of Frankish men  
With England's and with Russia's might prevail?

## 1. SHOULD GERMANY BE VICTORIOUS

With self-pleased confidence the German scribes,  
Historians and soldiers both combined,  
Proclaim pre-eminence for the "*Kultúr*,"<sup>1</sup>  
Unknowing or ignoring all that made  
The Western civilization, chiefly formed  
By Italy and France and Albion's folk—  
Not in the past alone, but nursed to-day  
Into the fairest flower of human growth.  
We gladly grant that Germany has borne  
A mighty share in thought and art and wealth,  
Which lead us onward in the march of power,  
And may advance the common weal of all,  
If well directed towards the higher goals.  
The giant man of genius, manhood's van,—  
Whom from each nation mankind doth absorb  
Into the world—his almost cosmic powers,  
Which mark the onward progress of the world—  
The Teuton has produced, as others have,  
And they shine forth as luminary stars.  
But surely not above the average  
Of all the cultured nations of the world!

<sup>1</sup> The German word for culture which German Chauvinists bring forward as if theirs were undoubtedly highest of all, and justifying their claim to predominance in the world.

Music and science and philosophy  
The Teuton loved and blessed the nations all.  
The olden days of Bach and Beethoven,  
Of Mozart, Schubert, Schumann—all resound  
In harmony sublime, and thrill the ears  
And hearts of raptured men; until they gave  
Dramatic Wagner and the lyric Brahms.  
In science too within our newborn age,  
Among the scores of great men who have toiled  
For the advance of knowledge, there stand forth  
Virchow and Helmholtz, Behrens, Koch and  
Gauss.

These almost led the thought of modern times  
As English Darwin and French Pasteur led,  
And as the many heirs supreme that live  
In France and England of great Newton's fame.  
No primateship the German land can claim  
In modern science and in modern thought.

Their greatest feats were in the age before,  
When high there surged the philosophic wave,  
Crested by Kant,<sup>1</sup> of Scottish parentage,  
And in the broadling swirl by thinkers great,  
Fichte and Leibnitz, Schelling, Hegel too.<sup>2</sup>  
This philosophic bloom of deepest thought,  
That maketh for the ultimate, has sown  
The seed in Germany that bears the fruit  
Of width and thoroughness which underlie  
Their true success in every walk of life.

<sup>1</sup> A great German philosopher of the 18th century. He was of Scottish origin.

<sup>2</sup> German philosophers of the 18th and early 19th centuries.



—'Tis so the Talmud<sup>1</sup> and religious lore  
 For ever studied by the poorest Jew,  
 And themes religious in the poorest hut  
 Of Scotland, wrangled with profoundest zest,  
 Have steeled the Scot and Jew for nature's strife.—  
 The keynote thus is struck for all that's taught  
 By highest thought above, and filters down  
 In due succession to the village school.  
 This made a network of their teaching craft  
 To penetrate with thoroughness all their life;  
 This gave them strength to struggle with the world  
 In trade and commerce and—alas!—in arms;  
 While other nations on their bended knee  
 Have worshipped the unthinking golden calf  
 Of thought empirical: this hopes to rise  
 From lowly needs that reach the unthinking mass,  
 With narrow eye and vision dull and blurred,  
 That see but what the fleeting moment feels;  
 Yet never will it upward soar and rise  
 To truth that rules and thought that penetrates  
 In lasting strength the wholeness of our life.  
 The Thoroughness which caused this highest life  
 To spread throughout the German fatherland,  
 Has trained the multitudes to realise  
 The worth material of spirit things,  
 Of art and letters, science, thought abstract.

And, dotted o'er the land in every part,  
 From capital to distant border town,

<sup>1</sup> The Talmud, one of the religious and philosophic books of great length, very intricate and difficult to understand, which the Jews for many centuries have studied regularly every week, not only the rabbis and learned men, but even those following the humblest walks of life.

They have the centres of this higher life  
In higher learning and artistic scope.  
Had not the petty princes numberless  
Created thus the local homes dispersed,  
The smaller centres of enlightened life,  
Which other nations only now possess  
In their metropolis, the German folk  
Would never have been subject to this rule  
Of highest thought and thoroughness supreme.  
This is the legacy of their sad past  
When petty princes, even townships, ruled  
A disunited realm, devoid of strength  
To win for Germany a place supreme,  
The peer of other nations and their rule  
Of colonies in distant regions wide.  
And when this thoroughness of thought and work  
Are turned to art and craft and warlike needs,  
It is through this that victory may come  
And not from courage nor from fighting force.  
'Tis Kant who won their battles and will win!

Meanwhile, the spirit of the warlike drill  
Has nipped the flower of culture e'er it grew,  
Which, turned to matter, lost its spirit bloom,  
And all idealism, which they vaunt  
As being German—once it was!—is dead;  
Has flown from Teuton lands these many years,  
Degraded German culture to the plain  
Where matter rules, and calculated thought  
Of gain material—the only ultimate.

In Shakespeare's land, with the unbroken chain  
Of thinkers and of poets, there have lived,  
Byron and Shelley, Keats and Browning too;

Great painters vying in their grace of art  
With foremost Frankish art for hundred years.  
The sense of beauty, filtered through our land  
Into each home, has firmer grip and hold  
Of this industrial nation, not aware  
Of its own virtue in humility,  
Than in the width and breadth of Teuton lands.  
And France still leads, and will for many years,  
The world of beauty and of taste supreme,  
In highest art and lowest craftsman's work.

Yet more than this, the German sabre-clash  
And its low spirit of the brutal might,  
Have there destroyed the highest of all arts,  
The art of living and of social grace,  
The ultimate expression of the rule  
Of cultured nations living cultured lives.  
The soldier's spirit has destroyed the life  
Of what once made the chivalry of old,  
And now's the gentleman, the ruling type,  
Who guides the thoughts and acts of every man  
And glorifies our modern struggling race.

The Germans from the days when Goethe<sup>1</sup> sang  
And Moses Mendelssohn of gentle soul<sup>2</sup>  
Have haply left their heirs. But few they are,—  
O'erswayed by sabre-clashing, coarsened men,  
Who rule the land and set the rule for all.  
And they have made this Germany of old  
The most materialised of living folk,

<sup>1</sup> Germany's greatest poet, born 1749+1844.

<sup>2</sup> Philosopher and writer, born 1729+1786. Grandfather of the musician, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, a friend of the poet Lessing, and taken by him as the model of Nathan in the drama "Nathan the Wise."

Who care for nought but power and wealth and gain,  
And, mouthing of ideals and of "Kultúr"  
In insincerity, do loud proclaim  
The cynic's faith: that power is the goal,  
The only goal, for manly men to win.

Woe to the world if Germans win the day!  
With power drunken, nought will stop the rush  
For greater power o'er the world at large;  
And gentle arts and spirits kind will die.  
This is the curse of powers once begot:  
That, breeding on, nought but the lust of power,  
Destroying all, they in their turn beget.<sup>1</sup>  
Had Alsace and Lorraine been left to France  
The history of ages would have turned  
To blessings for the cultured world.  
Should German victory crown this godless war,  
The free possessions of the cultured states  
Will then be wrung from their paternal care,  
Until the western barriers of Monroe,  
The glorious land for freedom won and held  
By Washington, the gentle hero strong,  
And Lincoln's simple genius, wise and good,  
Will last be ravaged by the Vandal hordes.  
But all these sons down-trodden for the time,  
Will rise and never cease from endless strife  
Beneath the heel of Teuton conquerors;  
And endless wars, for ages still to come,  
Of nations checked in their ideal course,  
Will blight all hope of peace for hundred years.

<sup>1</sup> A paraphrase of the German poet Schiller's lines:

*"Das eben ist der Fluch der bösen that,  
Dass sie, fortzeugend, immer Böses muss gebären."*

This is the curse of every evil deed,  
That propagating still, it brings forth evil.

(Translated by Coleridge).

## 2. SHOULD THE ALLIES BE VICTORIOUS

If France and England, backed by Russia's  
might,  
Should win the day and check the Kaiser's hosts,  
That blight the peace for all the western world,  
Tell me, O thou far-sighted friendly Muse,  
The final issue of this mighty enterprise?

The one great end supreme will be attained:  
For evermore the cultured ruling states  
Will banish war for ever from the page  
Of history and life that's civilised.  
And not the dreamers and those doctrine bound  
Will thus dispel the fiend of man and god;  
But all the people toiling for their bread,  
Foremost the German workers, who will cast  
The yoke of tyrant soldiers from their neck.  
They then will know of facts the language clear  
Which does impart beyond mere words and  
thoughts  
What death and wounds and miseries will tell,  
The starving women and the infant babes,  
The burning houses and the fields forlorn,  
With hungering hatreds left to sweep like pests  
Throughout the land in desolation spread.

“Enough of this,” they’ll cry, “why should we  
slay

Our brother man and starve our wife and child?”  
And why expend the hard-won millions, gained  
Through our own toil, to lead to war and death,  
When they would help to ease the suffering mass?  
One-hundred-thousandth part you fling away  
Upon destruction’s craft, would bring to light  
The engines of our progress, speeding on  
The halting nations to their higher life.  
Why slay our brother ’cross the briny sea,  
Our neighbour living by the unseen line  
Imaginary, which the statesman calls  
The boundary ’twixt nations who are foes?  
Because we are one race?—which we are not—  
From Kaiser to the clown no Teuton lives;  
Half Slav, half Teuton is the Prussian state,  
And every state has races manifold.  
And were each state one racial entity  
Of purest blood, untainted by alloy,  
Should therefore we in hatred hunt and slay  
Our fellow-worker of another race?  
No fighting dog would bite another dog  
Because he cometh from another breed.  
Because we have one faith? It is not true.  
No two men feel alike when prayer steals  
Into their heart and they’re alone with God.  
And if it were, and all professed alike  
The faith of Christ which teacheth love of men,  
How can we slay our brother and be blessed?  
“Enough of this,” they’ll cry, the millions all,  
“The rule of hell is over, now for God!  
We’ll live and work in peace and love our hearth,  
First nearest to our hearts, and our dear land

In which we live and where our mother tongue  
Proclaims our love of neighbours near and far  
Who feel as we do and whose life is ours.  
With Germany and France and England thus,  
And brave Columbia o'er the western main,  
United in this blood-stained shroud of war  
More strongly than by all their nation's flags,  
One army and one nation they will form  
To check the onslaught of all foes of man—  
And peace will reign supreme o'er land and sea."

But thou, O England, this remember well:  
'Tis not the German race thy sword doth slay,  
Thy vanquished foes are those who made the war  
And those who threaten peace throughout the  
world.

The savage eagle must be brought to fall.  
We'll pluck his wings so that he soar no more  
As bird of prey throughout the limpid skies.  
We'll make the air secure for doves of peace.  
Beware thy dove of peace take not the shape  
And essence of the savage eagle's flight,—  
Nay, worse than this, the vulture, carrion-crow,  
Who feed on weaklings or where life has fled.  
We have no lust to wreak our vengeance blind  
On German workers and their leading thought,  
To wreck their homes and sap their strength of  
life,

Of private use or of the nation's wealth.  
The world can never spare their helping hand,  
Outstretched to join the hands of noble men,  
Teuton and British, Frankish, even Slav,  
To draw mankind to summits high aloft,  
The destiny of human brotherhood.

His thought and spirit never can be quenched,  
Though all the world were trampling on the corpse  
Of his best manhood slain on battle-field.  
The day would come that corpse and shrivelled  
bones

Would, with the touch of spirit, rise to life  
To be the foe where friend it ought to be.  
Our generous wisdom ought to stay our hand  
That strives to rob them of the little gain,  
Which in late years by struggle they achieved  
In distant lands, their small dependencies.  
Drive not their struggling multitudes to waste  
In their constricted home in idle need,  
But freely let them wander through the world  
And show their strength, the strength they have  
to win.

And our own foster-children, far outspread  
Beyond the seas where free they live, untamed  
By tyranny of senseless fathers' rule,  
Will open wide their gates to all who come  
From every land and every race and creed.  
They'll keep for us, what never can be lost,  
The love and reverence of common blood,  
Our common past, our piety for this,  
Our future hopes and our ideals high.  
Then shall be swept from all the paths and ways  
That lead the nations onward all in peace,  
What e'er injustice casts before our way.  
And our own wealth and colonies and friends  
Will not incite the envy and the hate  
Which sure, though late, will lead to strife and  
war.

And what we do the other nations all  
Will follow by strong justice' might constrained.



And even Russia will forsake the curse  
Of her blind faith and of tradition's chain,  
Which drags her on to conquest without end;  
Until the spirit of that gentle race  
Will rise by teaching of all higher thoughts  
To justify the freedom which they crave.

The open door, the open door for all!  
This is the watchword for our future days.





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